

The New Student

Vol. 4, No. 28

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1925 — SECTION I.

Price 5 Cents

MA'S THRIFT RAISES IRE OF JOURNALISTS

Whole School Demands the Re- tention of Journalism Department

When the board of regents of the University of Texas meets on May 19th it will be confronted with a petition protesting against the abandonment of the department of journalism. The department was discontinued because Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson, Texas' first woman governor, cut from the general education bill the \$19,000 necessary for its support.

The journalism students have prepared a 10,000 word brief stating why they think the school should not be discontinued. It is stated that the regents have the power to appropriate funds for maintenance of the school from an emergency fund set apart by the legislature.

Of the 210 students in the department of journalism, 50 will graduate in June; 100 will be forced to give up college careers because of lack of funds to continue their training in an out-of-state school; 60 will be able to go out of Texas to complete their training.

Dean Objects

Dean W. H. Mayes, of the department of journalism made the following statement.

"The department of journalism was founded by the board of regents after careful consideration. Since the establishment in 1914, the department, though always inadequately supported and with an undermanned teaching force, has grown by leaps and bounds.

"To permit an interest to live and develop for 11 years, and then without good cause abolish it without regard for the student enrolled, is an act impossible to comprehend. I believe that the Board of Regents should do all in its power to adjust the budget and permit this important work to continue."

Class A School

Despite the fact that the Texas department has been only meagerly supported, having only three instructors for 210 men, it has been ranked in Class A, with 11 other schools, namely Columbia University, New York University, University of Missouri, University of Kansas, University of Washington, University of Wisconsin, Northwestern University, Stanford University, University of Oklahoma, University of Louisiana, and Ohio State University.

A bill requiring the reading of ten verses of the Bible, without sectarian comment, each day in Ohio schools has been passed by the Senate of the Ohio Legislature. It now awaits the signature of Governor A. V. Donahey.

How to Torture Your Dean

A group of students at Massachusetts Institute of Technology announce that they have excellent data for anyone compiling a book on *College Presidents and Deans—How To Manage Them*. Sometime ago they asked permission from the Dean of the Institute to hold a debate on the subject "Resolved: That compulsory R. O. T. C. in American Colleges be abolished." Their request was not granted. After a deliberative session that lasted long into the night, someone thought up the idea of going over the head of the Dean and petitioning President Samuel W. Stratton himself. The subject of the debate was then changed to "Resolved that Military Preparedness is the best way to abolish war." This petition was readily granted. Plans for the debate are under way.

Although a different debate topic has been chosen the same speakers, strange to say, who were to have debated on abolishing the R. O. T. C. have been scheduled to argue the value of military preparedness. And it is not impossible that the speaker for the negative will during the course of the controversy suggest the abolition of compulsory R. O. T. C. This, however is a mere conjecture.

U. OF WASH. HAS CURE FOR ALL SPRING FEVER

Everybody Turns to and Does Some Work on Campus Day at Washington

On Friday April 17, the annual Campus Day was celebrated at the University of Washington. On this day the whole student body turns out to do some sort of manual labor about the campus. The idea has worked very successfully in the past and has been imitated by many colleges. Prominent speakers are usually secured to address the students.

Each student group is detailed to do a certain task. The work was mapped out in the following way this year:

Foresters—clearing brush on the north end of the campus.

Freshmen—cleaning up of Denny Field, repairing the trail to Pharmacy point and the cleaning up of the new athletic field by the Stadium.

Sophomores—cleaning the Stadium, painting one of the buildings there and repairing the road behind the bowl.

Juniors—repairing the path from the museum to the railroad tracks.

Seniors—cleaning up the grounds in the vicinity of the canoe house.

Professor Edmond S. Meaney, founder of campus day, recalls some of the early campus days when most of the food for the workers was prepared by the wives of the faculty. It was a common sight for members of the faculty to be seen walking across the campus with a bucket of beans in each hand.

During the evening the students gathered in the Armory in their old clothes and danced to an eight-piece orchestra.

POLICE SUPPRESS LAMPOON PARODY

Violent Criticism Exercised by Bos- ton's New School of Literary Critics

The *Harvard Lampoon* is the second college comic to be suppressed in Boston during the last month.

The *Lampoon Literary Digest* parody was swiftly pounced upon by the police departments of Boston and Cambridge on the morning that it appeared, Friday, April 17, and all copies on newsstands confiscated. Two violations of the law were charged: First the improper display of the flag on the front cover. Second, for the display of an obscene picture on an inside page.

"You're Rocking the Boat"

The *Lampoon* parody closely resembled the *Literary Digest*, so closely that the police in their raid by mistake took copies of the original *Digest* from a newsstand. The picture on the cover was a parody of Washington Crossing the Delaware. One of the men in the boat is feeding sugar cubes to a polar bear; another is reading the *Boston Transcript* while Washington stands in the center of the boat with his little hatchet in one hand. Floating on a cake of ice in the distance is a sign, WELCOME TO TRENTON; Board of Trade. The flag flying on the boat constitutes the alleged desecration. Below this picture is the title "Sit Down You're Rocking the Boat."

The "obscene" picture is a parody of a painting by Manet which hangs in the Luxembourg.

Like Prohibition Agents

Lampoon officials were apprised of the suppression when two police captains entered the *Lampoon* building, forbade further sales and threatened confiscation of the issue. The members of the *Lampoon* board rushed out to the newsstands and gathered in as many copies as possible before the police could act. Most of the copies were saved.

The police conducted a thorough search for the paper. One of the newsstands proprietors declared that the agents raided his place with the completeness of prohibition agents.

Bootlegging

The raid started at 10:30 Friday morning. By 11:30 the *Lampoon* sold for \$1.00, an hour later \$2.50 and by evening the price had gone up to \$8.00.

Indignation

Both faculty and students at Harvard are indignant over the action of the police. Floods of legal advice are pouring in to the *Lampoon* office. There is possibility of a lawsuit.

Professor Felix Frankfurter, Byrne Professor of Administrative Law advised as
(Continued on page 2, col. 2)

The New Student

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Published by THE NEW STUDENT, 2929 Broadway, New York, every week during the college year. Subscription for 1 year \$1.50 (35 weekly numbers and 8 special monthly sections)—single copies 5c. Entered as second-class matter April 20, 1922, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 4, No. 28

April 25, 1925

"No Man's Thinking is Better than His Information."

—Dartmouth Student Report

THE editorial staff of the *Harvard Lampoon* is perplexed as to what to do next. They have three courses open: (1) To go to Montreal and broadcast the next number of the *Lampoon*, as Count Karolyi gave the American people the message which the State Department refused to permit him to divulge while in the United States. (2) To carry their fight to the courts as Roger Baldwin, of the Civil Liberties Union proposes to do. Mr. Baldwin was sentenced to six months in jail for proposing to read from the steps of the City Hall, Paterson, New Jersey, that part of the constitution dealing with freedom of speech and the rights of the people to peaceably assemble. (3) To resign, as did the editor of the Boston University *Beanpot* and make way for a staff that promises faithfully to park all ideas outside the door of the editorial sanctum.

Better yet, change the name of the *Lampoon* to *College Confessions* or *Fizz Whang* or *Hot Stuff* and the police will never touch it.

JUST one hundred and fifty years ago a new nation was born within the shadow of Harvard College which proclaimed to the world a new era of freedom—freedom of conscience, freedom of speech and press, freedom from petty governmental aggression. On the eve of the celebration of that event, the bureaucracies of Boston and Cambridge swoop down upon the newsstands and, with a grand gesture of patriotic and ethical zeal, carry off every available copy of the *Lampoon*, as if it were a carrier of pestilence and destruction. Nothing could be more ludicrous, more utterly absurd if it were not so crass and insolent a demonstration of petty tyranny.

The ardent patriots who executed this grand stroke were particularly offended by Lampy's version of Washington crossing the Delaware as it appeared on the front cover. Yet so little did it impress them when they went about the work of confiscation that many inoffensive copies of the authentic *Digest* were carted to the police station. The other picture which the blue coats couldn't brook, they branded obscene. Of course it would be too much to expect honest and upright police commissioners to recognize the famous picture by Manet that has long hung in the Luxembourg. There may be some criticism of the *Lampoon's* taste in running these particular pictures. But everybody except the police will recognize that this issue was a satire, and a very clever satire.

MANY magazines of truly doubtful character have insulted the finer sensibilities of the public for years without any fear of suppression. Art magazines that no artist reads, glorifications of American womanhood that no lady buys. French indecencies printed especially for exportation, have openly proclaimed their attractions from every corner newsstand. Still the liberal and inoffensive satire of the *Lampoon* meets with stern suppression. The whole affair is an unwarranted abuse of the police power based upon a fine technicality of the law.

—Harvard Crimson

LAMPOON IS SUPPRESSED

(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

follows:

"It is the old story of police interference where the police have no right to interfere. Pretending to be patriotic and vigilant, the authorities merely have shown themselves ridiculous and meddlesome. The play of the human spirit and freedom of thought, even of foolish thought, cannot be left in the hands of those whose only business it is to protect life and property and maintain order. The human mind is not meant for the safe-keeping of the police.

"I cannot believe that the *Lampoon* will not contest this action of the police authorities in the courts."

Professor Zechariah Chafee made the following statement:

"I think it is absurd to suppress caricatures of well known pictures

"I do not see any reason for suppressing the magazine for the cover, if the flag appears in the original. The picture on the inside is no more indecent than the original painting, by Manet, which has doubtless been frequently reproduced without objection. It would be well worth while to get a counsel and fight the matter out."

Playing the Game

Locke: So you are giving your boys a college education?

Sayers: Yes, I want to play fair. I want my boys to start out in life with the same handicap that other boys have!

—Life.

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WIND-MILL

LOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY

(with due apologies)

To be read at commencement exercises

Napoleon Smith

My father was a juggler with Ringling,
And, by keeping ten rubber balls in the air
Simultaneously, sent me to college.
Here I, also a juggler, was captain
Of the track team, sang in the glee club
And was president of the senior class;
Besides waiting table in the village hash
house.
Dean Sock'em does me wrong to say
That I died of heart disease.
Eating hot pie and gulping coffee,
In the kitchen of Ye Village Inne, then
Rushing to afternoon classes,
Brought me here ere I had gotten my
diploma.

William Lloyd Garrison Jones

I burned with the zeal of a reformer,
Wanting student generations to remember
me
As a smasher of hampering traditions.
So, when a freshman, I became heeler,
Then later News Editor and Managing
Editor,
Neglecting my lessons.
And finally, by staying for summer school,
The dean let me become Editor-in-Chief.
I died from over work, having stayed up all
night
Writing indignant editorials and preparing
For a Philosophy quiz.
The blood of the martyr is the seed of the
college.
The day of my funeral the dean issued an
order
Permitting Freshmen women to stay out
Until eight-thirty on Saturday nights.

Otto Stacomb

How do the flappers of Loon River
University manage to pass the time
Since I've gone?
Seven nights a week I played the Molten
Papa
To seven different girls, never
Repeating myself in a semester.
One spring day, I fell asleep in class
Forgetting it was the last of the year.
The next fall they removed my starved
Body and brought it here.
Over me the grasses softly growing,
Over me a slender white shaft
With the inscription, "He sleeps."

George Grind

Two years at Loon River U.,
Two years in a padded cell,
Then an eternity in this narrow place.
Judge me not harshly, fellow students!
It was not desire for a Phi Beta Kappa
key,
But hunger for praise from professors,
That drove me to try
To memorize the Encyclopedia Britan-
nica.

SOCIAL LIFE

No Flowers

Democracy in social affairs is progressing at the universities of Utah and Minnesota, where moves have been made to bring the most important social functions within the means of the less wealthy students. Both universities successfully carried through "no flower" restrictions at their Junior proms.

At Minnesota the plan has been carried farther. The student sponsors of the coming Senior Prom have decreed that there shall be no flowers. Several weeks ago the inter-fraternity council, self governing body of the Minnesota Greek-letter societies, passed a motion abolishing flowers and favors at fraternity functions. This motion has been referred to the various fraternities for action.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

"Reactionary, Unenlightened"

On Saturday April 18, The Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, Dean of the Cathedral of St. Paul, London, stepped ashore at New York and faced a battery of reporters who fired him questions as to his opinion on Prohibition, modernism in the churches, our younger generation, American literature and the New York sky line. They also asked him what he thought would be the results of the recent Tennessee law to prohibit the teaching of evolution (*New Student* Mar. 28). He thought that "the most serious would be upon the legislators."

Among the many educators throughout the country who have protested against the action of the Tennessee legislature are President Walter Dill Scott of Northwestern University and Professor George A. Coe of Columbia University (author of *What Ails Our Youth*).

President Scott said: "The action of Tennessee is a most reactionary step. The unenlightened viewpoint which insists upon seeing a conflict between religion and science in education is in its results likely to be as damaging to religion as to science."

Professor Coe said: "It is to be hoped that the legislatures and the governor of Tennessee will be laughed or shamed out of their foolishness and that a repealing law will soon be passed."

Professor Coe, sees in it a more serious incident than many believe, if the dominant level in other state legislatures is of the same opinion as the Tennessee legislature. "More than one sociologist holds that our civilization is in danger of going backward or even that it has started towards barbarism," said Coe.

Deplore Beanpot Suppression

The Harvard Liberal club at a meeting on April 8th, passed the following resolution in regard to the recent suppression of the R. O. T. C. number of the Boston University *Beanpot*.

Resolved: That the Harvard Liberal Club in accordance with the fundamental principles of its constitution, deplores any and every violation of the right of free discus-

sion; and deplores particularly restrictions upon the freedom of college journals.

Also, that the action of Dean Lord in suppressing the last issue of the *Beanpot* and in dismissing its editorial board constitutes such an infringement of free speech; and that the following letter reveals an attitude wholly to be condemned. (Dean's letter to Miss Perkins follows).

LITERARY

A Modern Library

Student at Hunter College, New York believe that a thorough knowledge of the literature of the present is just as important as a familiarity with the classics. The Student Self Government Association has established a modern circulating library where books can be secured at very low rates. The deposit of fifty cents and the rate of ten cents a week per book enables the association to keep the library up to date. Among the books available are Conrad's *Youth*, *A Lost Lady*, and *A Passage To India*, Mencken, Nathan, Shaw, Bercovici, Galsworthy, Wasserman and Van Vechten are among the authors whose works appear.

Three seniors supervise the library. They spend a great deal of time in selecting the books. It is believed that this is the only college library of its kind.

ENDOWMENT

Plans whereby alumni may take out insurance policies for the alma mater are in operation at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Princeton.

At Massachusetts each member of the graduating class assumes an endowment policy of \$250 upon which the yearly premium is approximately \$8 or \$9. When the class gathers for its twenty-fifth reunion the total sum of these policies is given the Institute for some express purpose.

At Princeton for the last eight years a similar plan has been used. Princeton seniors purchase policies for whatever amount they like. The total amount of insurance raised by the class varies from \$65,000 to \$125,000.

Considerable sentiment is being expressed for having such a plan inaugurated at the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash., this year.

SPORTS

Coaches Exchanged

An exchange of coaches for spring training has been effected between Princeton and the University of Michigan. Fielding Yost, the Michigan coach, is now in Princeton instructing the men in Michigan tactics. After Yost's visit is over with, Coach Roper of Princeton will go to Ann Arbor and give the Michigan men a taste of eastern coaching. The exchange has been made to introduce new ideas into the work of both teams.

Yost states that there is no great difference between football training in the east and west.

DRAMA

George Arliss speaks on College Dramatics

"I wish that the schools and colleges of our country would make use of plays of earlier periods in their little theater organizations," said George Arliss, actor in the title role of Galsworthy's *Old English*, now playing on Broadway, in an article in *The Princetonian*.

"There are ever so many of the old comedies which will develop the talents of the amateur as the modern play cannot. When we produce an old drama such as 'The Critic' or Sheridan's 'Rival' or 'The School for Scandal,' we have an opportunity for study. We have some background to begin with. And then much additional knowledge of how people behaved and lived is to be gleaned from the old books and pictures which fill our libraries and galleries.

"Such training is invaluable and it cannot be derived to as great a degree from the plays based upon modern life. These latter are more nearly mere photographic representations of current events. It is not half so difficult nor so valuable to act naturally. It is in the acquisition of different manners, the contact with different modes of dress, and the development of a new vocabulary that the young man receives his greatest benefit from college acting.

"I would lay particular emphasis upon this matter of vocabulary, and with it clear enunciation," continued Mr. Arliss. "The classical plays offer much more valuable training in speaking than the modern everyday play. For here we pay no particular attention to enunciation and only the limited and more or less slovenly speech of the ordinary business man or man-about-town is used.

"Enunciation and a varied vocabulary, careful speech we might call it, need special emphasis in our schools and colleges. There is a tendency today toward carelessness in the application of words and toward a very limited vocabulary. We keep using the same words over and over, regardless of whether they be appropriate or not, especially such adjectives as 'great,' 'fine,' 'beautiful.' And so also with other parts of speech. We 'fix our hair,' 'fix the gas-pipe,' 'fix an election' and so on until it seems that one might describe nearly every human act by a dozen verbs."

Pioneer Dramatists

Ambitious students of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee are planning a Little Theatre for the university and the city. The plan is fathered by the Calumet Club, a Junior-Senior Literary Club which also sponsors the *Masquerader*, a comic. The first production will consist of three one-act plays, to be produced in May.

Believing that Nashville is large enough to support a Little Theatre, students of the Calumet Club are taking the burden of starting the venture on their shoulders. They are in the hopes that the interest and support of civic and dramatic organizations of the city will be aroused after the venture had been started.

An advanced course in dramatic criticism will be offered at Vassar next year. Joseph Wood Krutch, dramatic critic of the *Nation* will conduct the class. Instruction in criticism of the novel and of poetry will also be included in the course.

TAKE YOUR PICK OF SUMMER CONFERENCES

About a half of a mile from the village of Woodstock in the Catskills, a group of students from various colleges will meet for the third annual summer conference to be held under the auspices of the National Student Forum.

"In 308 B. C., Zeno first met his friends in the Stoa Poikile, or painted porch along the north side of the market place at Athens. From these discussions came a robust viewing of life which placed practice above theory, preached human brotherhood, and in an age of superstition asserted the power of human intelligence. It is in the manner and spirit of the Stoa that the Student Forum is arranging to carry out its conference."

THE LABOR MOVEMENT AS A CAREER FOR STUDENTS— June 15-21

This first conference will last from June 15 to June 21. A. J. Muste, Director of Brookwood Labor College will be Chairman. Justine Wise, (whose experience in the mills of Passaic, New Jersey are described in *The New Student*, April 11) will assist. There will be a survey of the labor movement, its birth and development, its present problems, and an effort will be made to determine how the college graduate may find an effective place in the labor movement.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF THE COLLEGE PAPER—June 22-29

Douglas P. Haskell, Editor of *The New Student* will be chairman of this conference. Next year's editors who are laying their lines of strategy, will meet for an interchange of ideas. The question they will discuss is: How can a college paper be handled as an independent, powerful tool of information, of opinion, of enlightenment.

IS YOUTH IMMORAL?—July 1-11

Chairman: C. E. Ayres of *The New Republic*.

Those who attend the Conference will bring the material for it in their own experiences and observations. The Conference will sort this material and discuss it until there is some common understanding. Then will come the question: What do we mean by what we do?

Having scrutinized the behavior of our generation those who attend the conference will be in a better position to evaluate digressions from the accepted code such as may have been noted, and to determine whether they are to be regarded as the basis of a new-forming morality.

UNDERGRADUATE EDUCATION JULY 13-23

Chairman: George D. Pratt, Jr., of *The New Student* and the National Student Forum, assisted by Harold Cowley, Chairman of the Dartmouth Senior Committee which produced the "Report on Undergraduate Education."

In this conference progressive educational experiments will be considered and evaluated. This will not only deal with the many curricular reforms that are now "in the air" but also with extra curricular activities and social life.

WORLD POLITICS AND THE ESCAPE FROM WAR—JULY 25-AUG. 1

Chairman: Henry Raymond Mussey, Professor of Economics at Wellesley.

Some of the questions discussed at this conference will be: Is it true that the next war is inevitable and must we prepare for it? What is to be done to escape from war? How can we cooperate effectively? Have we the facts?

Professor Mussey and others who have been watching world politics will indicate what seem to them the practical aspects of the situation and the conference will try to work toward practical conclusions.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?—AUG. 3-13

Chairman: Horace M. Kallen, Lecturer at The New School for Social Research.

What is an American? Are immigrants Negroes, Jews, Catholics, and labor leaders, outside the pale? If they are not Americans what are they?

This question leads for its answer to others. What is Americanism? Can we isolate traits of mind, ideals, manners and tastes, and say that they apply to all Americans and that those to whom they do not apply are something else? If so what are these attributes?

YOUR WILL AND THE WORLD AUG. 15-25

Chairman: Scott Buchanan, lecturer in Philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

This conference will take into consideration the social standards of our own times, compare them with other times and places and attempt to assist in determining what methods of conduct are of lasting importance.

THE STUDENT IN A WORLD OF VIOLENCE—AUG. 27-Sept. 3

Chairman: Roger N. Baldwin, Director of American Civil Liberties Union.

Besides considering the necessity of tolerance in a world of conflicting purposes this conference will discuss the world wide revolution in politics and industry.

THE DRAMA AS HUMAN EXPERIENCE—SEPT. 5-12

Chairman: Houston Peterson, Lecturer in Philosophy at Columbia University.

The frequent discussions of playmaking, stage construction and modes of presentation, direct our attention to the externals of the theatre, causing us to forget the religious origin of the drama and its ceaseless power in human affairs. From this point of view the drama becomes an immediate and direct expression of human experience. It is from this angle that this conference will study some of the sources of dramatic material close at hand.

The camp is not to be a "summer school" with the chairman in the familiar role of lecturers, but a place where students may freely discuss many subjects and at the same time enjoy fresh out-of-door life. Anyone interested is requested to communicate with Charlotte F. Bradley, Executive Secretary, National Student Forum Summer Conferences, 2929 Broadway, New York.

FUNDAMENTALISTS WIN AT PRINCETON SEMINARY

Erdman Ousted From Advisorship Because He Was Not Militant Enough

Militant fundamentalism recently won a victory at Princeton Theological Seminary when Professor Charles R. Erdman was removed from the position of Student Advisor, which he has held continuously for 18 years. The removal was effected by the fundamentalist block of the faculty, led by Professor J. Gresham Machen, and was instigated by Dr. Charles E. Macartney, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. Dr. Erdman's place was taken by Rev. Robert Wilson a pronounced fundamentalist.

Dr. Erdman is a fundamentalist, but not one of the bitter, uncompromising group. He advocates a policy of tolerance and reconciliation toward heresy. For that reason he has gained the enmity of the militant group who are out after modernist scalps. "Dr. Erdman has long been a storm center in the struggle between the mild conservatism in the church and extreme fundamentalism," says *The Princetonian*. "At the last general assembly last May he was defeated for the position of Moderator by Dr. Macartney by 18 votes out of more than 900." One of the charges against Dr. Erdman is that he was not in accord with a plan, fostered by Dr. Macartney, to form a league of fundamentalist seminaries to battle modernism.

Although Dr. Machen and his followers have been able to muster a faculty majority against him, Dr. Erdman retains a great deal of local support. One hundred and twenty five Seminary students gathered on his lawn one night, after the controversy, and presented him with a loving cup "in appreciation of his most unselfish devotion on our behalf as Christian minister, inspiring teacher and loyal friend." On April 14 he was unanimously elected Moderator of the Presbytery of New Brunswick.

Fred Eastman, religious educator, hints in *Christian Work* that the Princeton controversy is only a prelude to further deep laid and intricate fundamentalist plotting:

"What coming events does this incident foreshadow? Within three days after Dr. Machen had marshalled his majority the *New York Times* carried an announcement under a Philadelphia date line that Dr. Macartney will be nominated for the Chair of Apologetics and Christian Ethics at Princeton Seminary to succeed Dr. William B. Greene who retires. There seems to be no evidence at hand to believe that Dr. Macartney will be nominated for this position because of any scholarly training for it. But the position will give him a toe hold in the faculty. From that toe hold he can direct a campaign to oust any professor who falls short in bitterness against the liberals. If the toe hold is not sufficient, what then? Well, how about the Presidency of the Seminary? Why not? Has Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, who now holds that position, acquired any scalps of heretics to hand on his belt? Would it not be better to have some one in the chair who knows how to hate more ferociously than Dr. Stevenson? And once President of Princeton Seminary, and leader of a league of fundamentalist seminaries, and an engineer of the fundamentalist steam roller in the various Protestant churches, the churches will be saved!"

Mark Hanna

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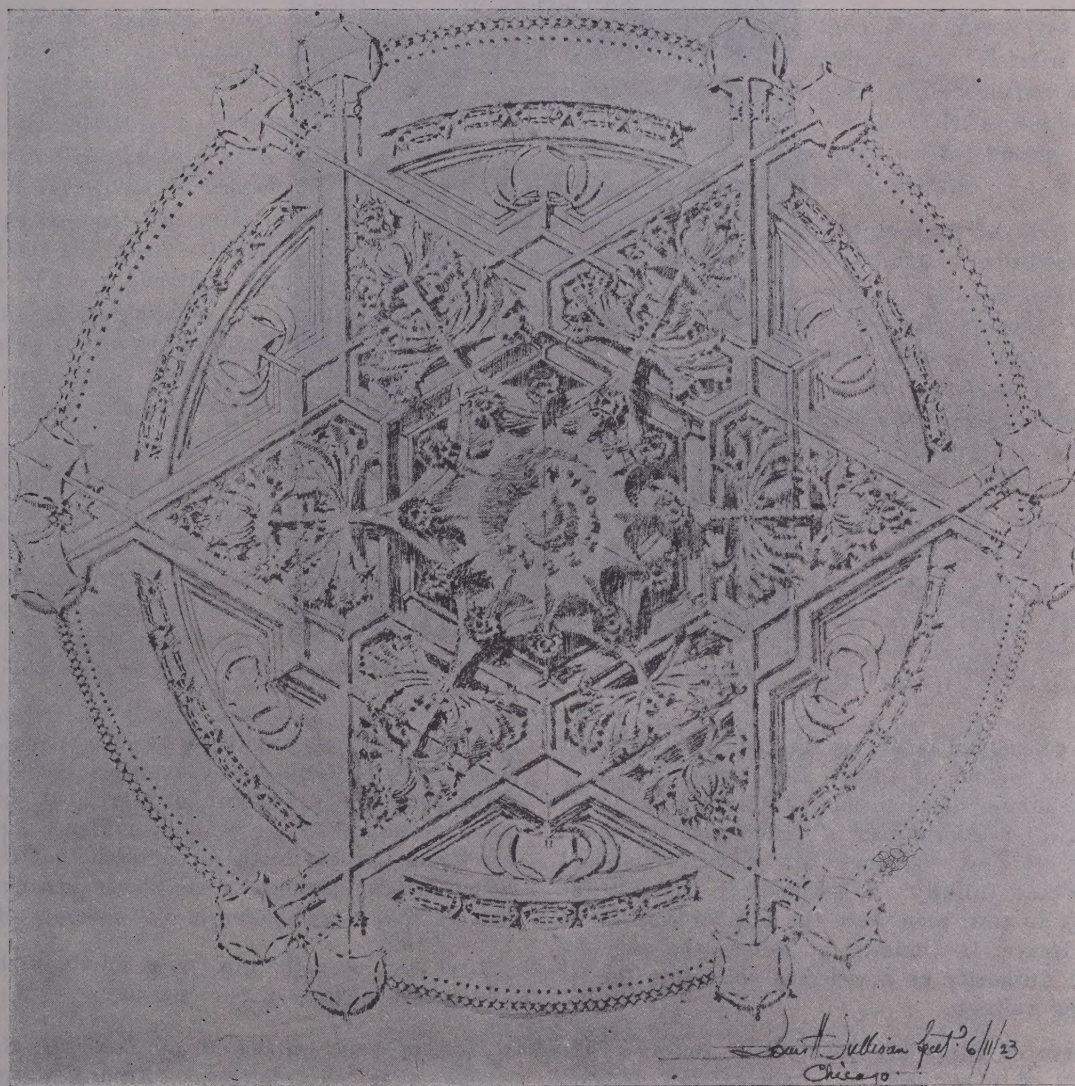
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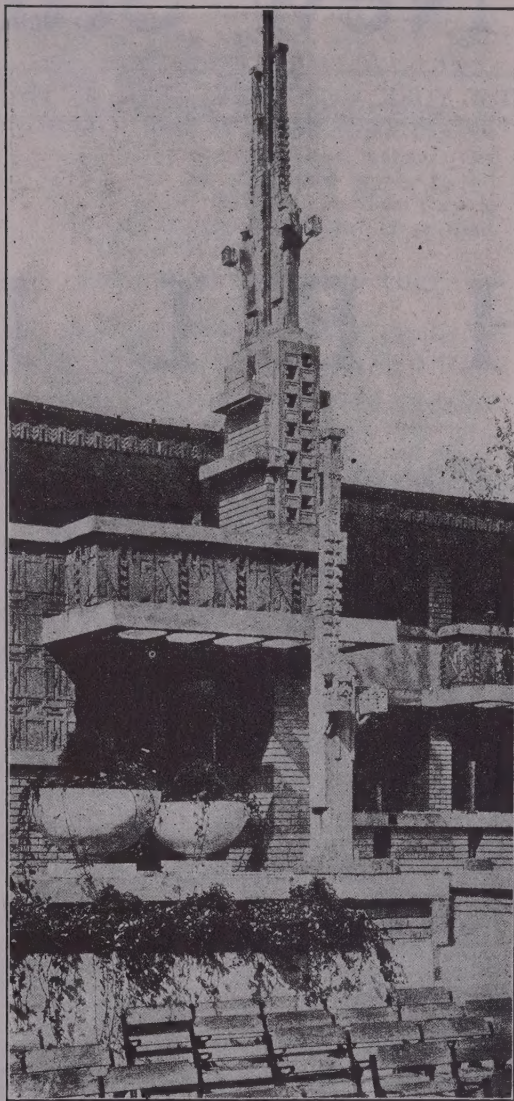
Vol. 4, No. 28

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1925

S H E L L S



Reproduced by cordial permission of the Press of the American Institute of Architects from "A System of Architectural Ornament" by Louis H. Sullivan (N. Y., 1924)



Decorative detail by Frank Lloyd Wright

Ego, considered solely as free spirit, stands out visibly as Master of Ideas. Ego, examined as a spirit benumbed through lack of action, hence inert and unfree, becomes dim of vision and renounces its will. It thus becomes the slave of imposed ideas whose validity it assumes it has not the strength to test, even were the idea of testing to arise. Hence, in timidity, it evokes the negative idea of Authority as a welcome substitute for its declining volition.

Masters of Ideas are masters of courage; the free will of adventurers is in them. They explore,

they test, they seek realities to meet them face to face—knowing well that realities and illusions exist commingled within and without, but also knowing well that Ego is its own. Hence they walk erect and fearless in the open, with that certitude which wisdom brings—while slaves are slaves by choice. They seek shelter in the *shadows* of ideas.

Ever such were the great free spirits of the past, and such are those of our own day.

Excerpt from an article by Louis H. Sullivan, Architect, in the Architectural Record, March, 1923.

S H E L L S

Would it make a good story, if someone should say that one day, lying on the grass and ruminating, he had picked up the pretty shell of a conch, and that the shell had tricked his fancy into an idea? The shell was the dead remnant once secreted by a live mollusk, as home and school and church: the mollusk here learned his lessons, and developed his ideals, and yearned for liberty. A wise instinct, however, kept him encased, that his education might proceed undisturbed. The shell hardened, and the mollusk had no more chance to fly or to alter his shape; but he consoled himself that he had organed a beautiful thing. It fit him snugly while he lived, and now remains a beautiful fragment which no one can duplicate. So powerful, even in a mollusk, is life and creativeness!

Now, by an accident, the loafer of our story looking up saw the buildings of his alma mater, and they also appeared to him as shells.

"The possible shapes of shells like these," mused he, "are endless. Lecture halls, laboratories, dormitories; libraries, stadia, chapels; frat houses, union buildings, ko-ops: the variation in their arrangement, their size, their solidity; in their glitter, the manner of their piercing, their simplicity or complication, their placidity or torture are endless. And in every case, these qualities are, as with the conch, expressions of what is intended to be done inside. And I'm the fellow they are doing it to.

"Now here I have being going around among these buildings for nearly four years, and have been talked in front of on nearly every subject under the sun. But I never specially noticed the place itself, except to think it was rather nice. Now I'd like to know, just privately, what effect they intended to produce on me by putting up these buildings in just this way."

So he devised a method of study, as lazy a one as possible. The books he discarded as confusing. Then he went straight to Prexy and asked: What is the building program calculated to do to me? And who determines the program?

Prexy, amused, gave him an earful of facts large and luminous, and an armful of drawings, annual

reports, columns of figures, together with a warning not to send any more curious loafers to take up time.

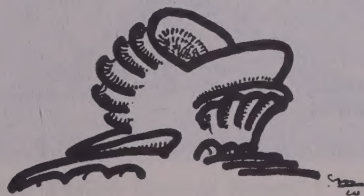
Then to the library to find out where the college fit in the solid scheme of steel and brick and mortar of American civilization—and by inference to discover what it was trying to do. Everyone knows what a factory is for, a church, a country house, a garage, an apartment house or office building, however little he may know about the meaning of so aerial a thing as a college education. The loafer slid from shelves the architectural magazines of the last ten years; compared the pictures of all these visible crustations of men's thoughts, and grouped them by the likenesses and differences he could discern.

The groups began arranging themselves in the most fanciful and startling ways. Certain churches often married garages, while colleges twinned with office buildings, blinked with wall-eyed barns, flirted with factories and country homes, or postured with temples and cathedrals.

In the end he had a hunch as to what it was they were trying to do to him, as expressed in the buildings they were using on him as their educational machinery and cultural symbols. On the plot of grass, the hunch seemed right. And so through several months he developed it further, despite some ridicule but with the interest of competent and friendly architects, of fellow-students and some professors.

It was not a study in architecture, however, but one in education. There evolved for him a radical, a root idea of education; there evolved also the confidence that if anyone should make the shells which could embrace such an idea, the Loafer could recognize the shapes and give them his assent.

To form such notions every student in America is thoroughly capable. He will hurt no one, and he can amuse himself. The method of study is so simple, the materials are so plentiful, that any other loafer can extract his own results as well as this one, and need not follow those which are ventured here.



Pleasure Pavilion—Erich Mendelsohn

—and Their Designers

Buildings are more than books, pictures or carved stones; for while any eccentric individual can shape a poem or a set of pencil-marks for his own personal, integral purpose, and command his following through this character and difference, the construction of these shells requires the assent and direction of a group of men of various character, purposes and functions. A building stands for many years, and must perform multiple practical services.

A group of college buildings may first be conceived in the mind of the president, to meet the needs of a specific educational program. If the president indulges poetic dreams concerning growing things, or the development of plastic minds, these dreams must be expressed in very explicit terms. A certain number of students now, and a closely estimated number in the future, to be selected in a special way, must, in his calculation, meet a definite number of teachers, read books, use laboratory equipment, eat, sleep, and lead a healthy social life; and every educational innovation causes some kind of shift in this alignment.

But the buildings depend also on trustees, and then on the munificence of patrons, who set the limit in expenditure, and whose ideas of what a college is may limit once for all the form, the function, or even determine the name. It is not only a question of efficiency and the landscape. It is a question of their picture of America, their way of seeing the world. And since they are exceedingly successful men doing specific work themselves at this precise time and place, the picture is not very vague, but represents their character and that of their times.

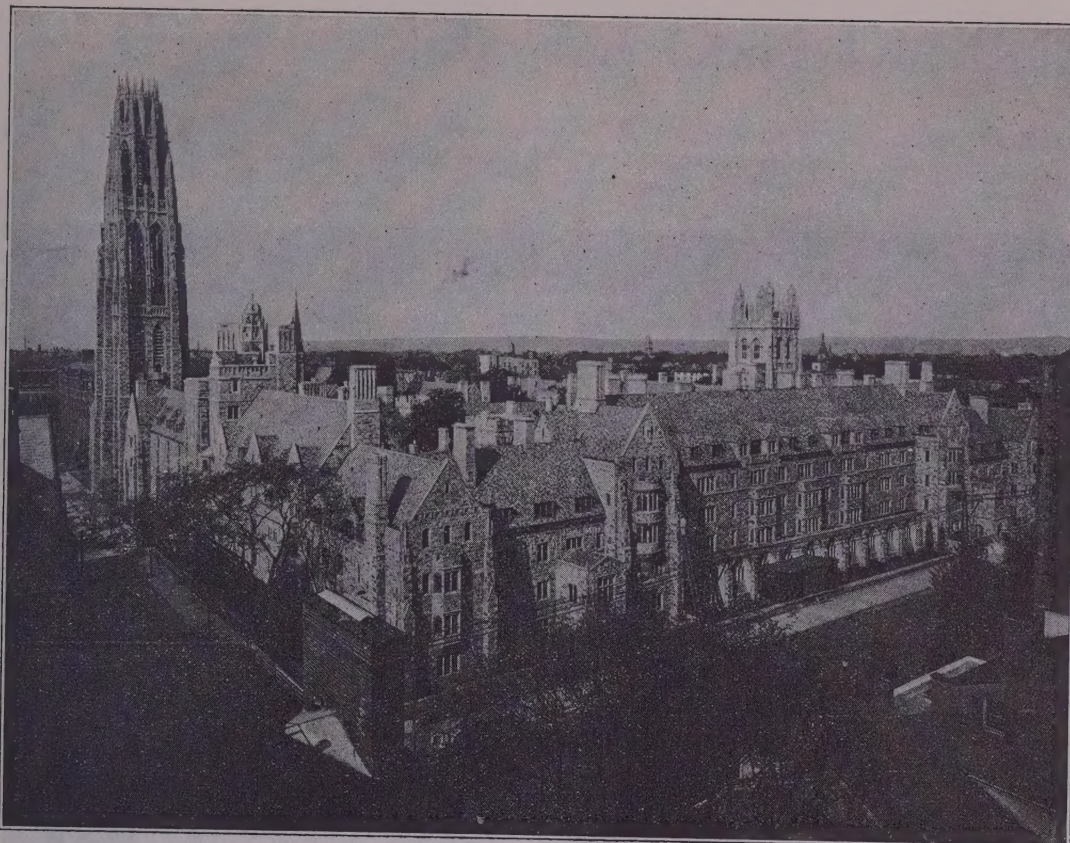
Thus it is that the architect, the dreamer in steel and brick, is permitted freedom only within the limits of the possible imagination of these men: men of whom it can generally be said that they are successful in business, and are making investments in culture. And so, when he brings them his plans on paper, he expects intricate complications: changes, compromises, and sometimes a radical revision, according to the whims and wishes of men accustomed to obedience, but obliged to yield for harmony among themselves.

Still other forces enter here, as little supers occupying the rear of the stage: the faculty and parents and alumni. Fathers and mothers know what they want for their progeny. It may be 'a better time than we had' or it may be a broader life. And the teachers not only state requirements, but they consider themselves the experts on the cultural aspects of the undertaking: connoisseurs of the shells of all ages, whose remaining fragments they have measured, reduced to principles, learned by heart and melted together into composite preferences, prejudices, choices.

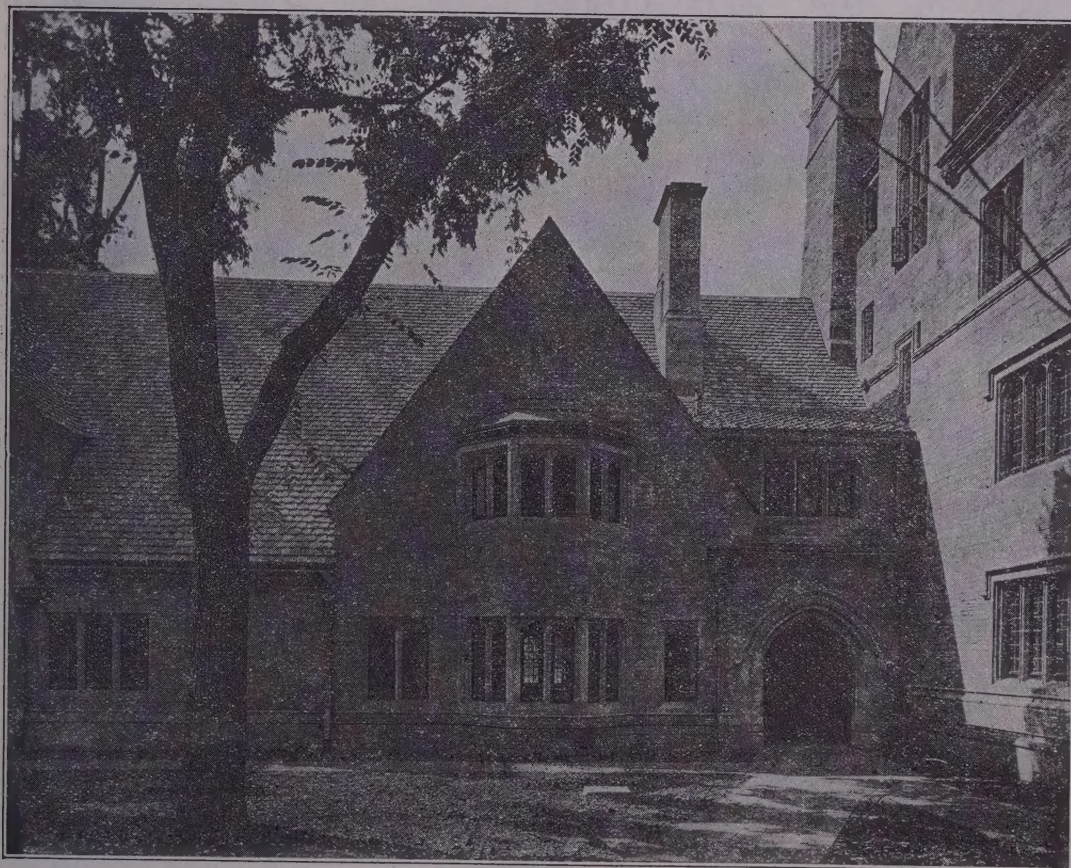
The finished shell, therefore, represents the ideals of the college, the type of its education, the generosity of the founders, their views of civilization, their degree of scientific imagination and religious belief; and of the faculty, the parents and all the rest together, their imagination, independence, the virility of their reactions to a real world, or contrarily, the extent of their enslavement to shadows, to predetermined notions, petrifications, parchment, self-adulation, pretense and the higher bunk.



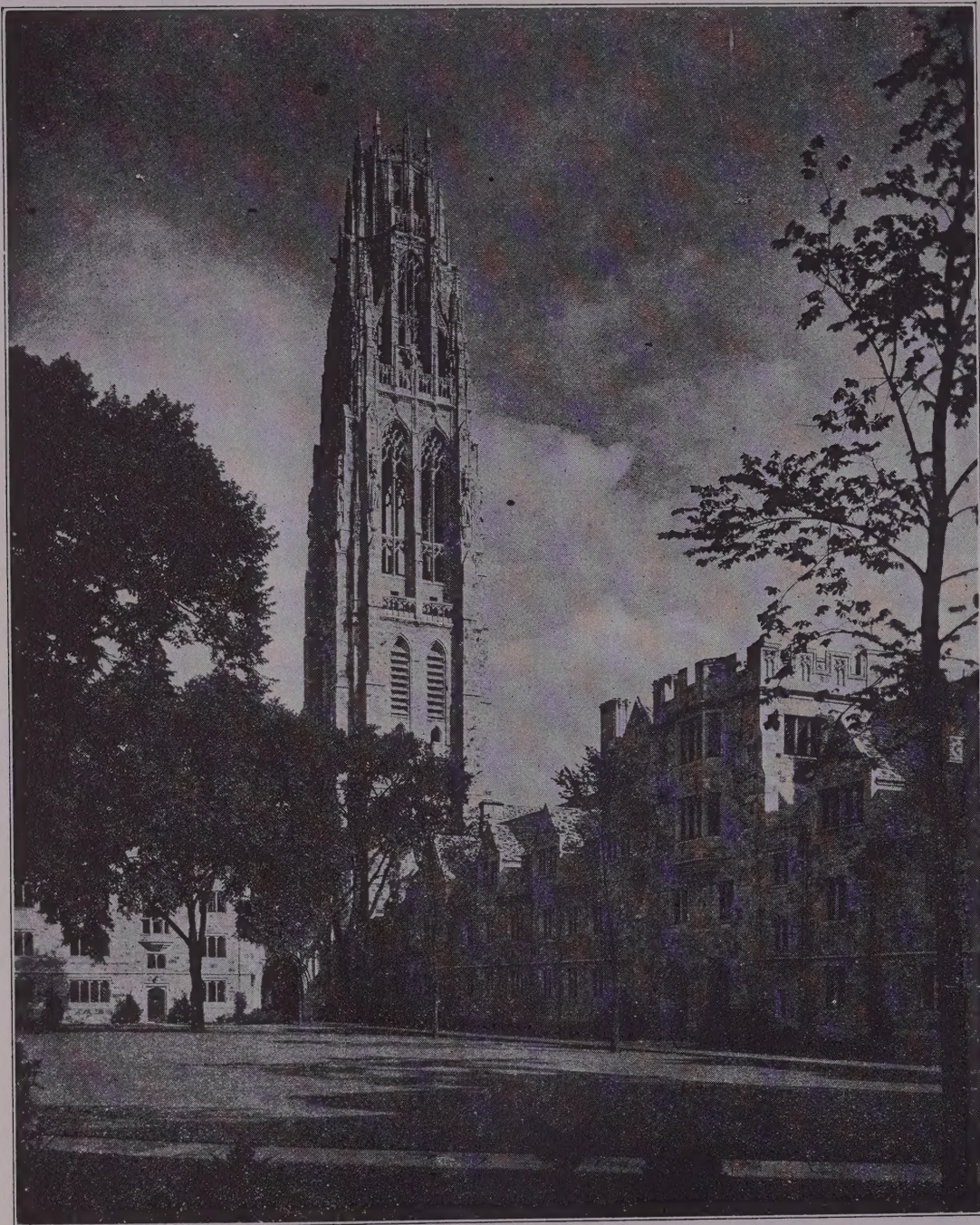
Pleasure Pavilion—Erich Mendelson



"The roof-tiles will very soon look hundreds of years old."



"Good Old English Country Homes"
The Harkness Memorial Quadrangle at Yale



THE HARKNESS TOWER

(For originals see couronne towers in France and England)

(A fuller, illustrated description of the quadrangle by the architect is found in *Architecture* for January, 1923. The Yale Publishing Co., which graciously lent these cuts, has issued an excellent brochure which costs 50¢).

Country Clubs and Good Old Spires

"MY EYES filled with tears . . . The features of the sky-line change as rapidly and as tenderly as the face of a breathing alma mater, beholding her children . . . The warm, rich color of the stone, the irregularities of its surface, its ease and geniality, remaind one of the cheerful pattern of a home-spun suit, whose idiosyncrasies, instead of being flattened, are emphasized . . . One must go to the medieval cathedrals to find a true parallel . . . The buildings stand in the midst of traffic, a monument to the life of the spirit—they are as accessible as God. For, even as the laborer pauses, in the midst of a modern town, and enters for a moment into the shaded silence of some vast cathedral, so one finds here at a single step another world and another life."

—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Professor.

Entering, awed, through the richly carved memorial gateway under this soaring lacy tower, into the enclosed quadrangle, expecting another world and another life, the bum was greeted by the strains, from a dormitory window, of *Red Hot Mama*.

. . .

THE central idea of the Harkness Memorial Building at Yale, so far as necessary function is concerned, is that one thousand men must have a place to store their things, to sleep, and to amuse themselves.

But the form expresses more than that. It represents the superlative consummation of the 'cloisteral' idea in America—the ambition of 'collegiate' buildings of a thousand universities. Here is their queen, the technical and archaeological masterpiece.



This historic Saybrook millstone is now embedded in the sidewalk of "Saybrook Court."

It is not too hard to analyze: for it is intended to have a very strong effect. The larger and the smaller courts within are walled and moated against the world outside, leaving the entrant to himself and to the patch of blue above; a blue more infinite because of the continuous vain endeavor of the tower to prick and enter it. Here, apparently, is intended a place of meditation, for communion of the spirit alone with itself and with the visible evidence of vastness and perhaps of another world.

Add to the idea of vast spacé that of time. History, tradition, myth are cunningly carved, masoned and molded into the whole set of buildings, inside and out. It is alive with statues and reliefs, in unexpected and expected places: anything history connects with Yale; governors, grinds, benefactors and bulldogs, Yale players and crews, and even a phantom ship; and from the church in England where Elihu Yale lies buried a stone has been taken and built into the square Wrexham Tower which copies its spires.

Doorsteps are found artificially worn down as if with the tread of the countless, and the tile of the roof has been especially prepared to gather dust and moss as rapidly as possible, to simulate the venerable.

To this university, then, goes the *prestige* of having artfully intimated Oxford and Cambridge without copying directly. The periods of architecture here combined are the ripe and finished ones, in which refinement had reached its limit, and nothing could be added or further developed: so Yale can rest assured that she will not be outstripped by Princeton or Chicago. The dead men remain dead; their art a finished art.

To sweet and mystic contemplation by the soul amid the pleasant reminders of ancient times, there must be added the idea of solid English comfort, the perquisite which makes this style the universal one for English country homes. A pleasant, variable, broken silhouette without, far removed from the modern world with its rectangular industrial forms, the steel-cage cell arrangement of its offices, suggests hearth-stones within and pipes and phonographs, and for a Professor Phelps, perhaps a cricket.

. . .

GATHER up the threads, then, Mr. Loafer, and see yourself in these surroundings: courting your soul at night, moved almost to tears by the rushing, lacy silhouette of the tower leading to the stars; stumbling on cunningly worn doorsteps, thinking of good old Oxford and Cambridge, and the inevitable weathering effects of time; thankful for the good old alma mater far away from problems and troubles of the world, from hard forms and sweat and grime. In the shadow of these dead men's perfection, new forms seem a senseless thing, art better dead, and technology to the devil; let us have a better time than father did. Later the stunt will be to knock down enough to have an architect make *me* one of these, and to fill it with good old antique furniture; but now, into the building, as accessible as God, and let's shake out of this with a snappy tune before the gang comes with the pre-war stuff.

Good old tears, good old spires, good old door steps (hastened up a bit), good old Oxford, good old quaint antique, old alma mater, and old God.

Red Hot Mama—

The Art of Technology: *Ossified at Birth*

(Massachusetts Institute of Technology)



TECHNOLOGY: the American art, the art of doing things well because of possessing exact knowledge and rigorous imagination; and hence courage, competence, mastery. It is the American boast that when there is a technical job to be done, that job shapes itself gloriously and daringly in conformity with exact information, the last available, the best known; and that there are no incrustations of false and dead tradition, of fixed ideas, ossifications, irrelevant romantic ornamentations or flim-flam to interfere. In technology, the American summoning the courage of his imagination has stood off the world, has become a name to be conjured with. The defiant deed: before it shrink all metaphysical debates, all moony archaeologies, all cobwebby appeals to authority. Here we are: we suspend our bridge securely across immense rivers, and it stands. It stands because an engineer knew. And it stands superbly, because the perfect piece of logical, mathematical work is always characterful in its own right. The steel strands of the Brooklyn bridge; the concrete of huge dams; the grace of airplanes; the high daring of a steel skyscraper: here is a world of forms beautiful, clean-cut as the broadaxe, "weapon naked, shapely, wan."

These are the shapes which have even helped to release artists from hazy moonings, to give birth to a new stoic art of FORM: of shapes so cunningly constructed, so logical to their material, so compact (for more efficient use) that just one added stroke, just one flight of the imagination, suffices to make of them sources of joy separate from their use, purely imaginative, complete. That's what buildings can be. That is begun in one or two concrete stadia illustrated in this issue. What then of the home of this knowledge, the place which seeks to inspire it?

(See upper right corner opposite)

AS will be seen by a comparison of the pictures above, The Massachusetts Institute of Technology in character is most like a factory, with the facade of a bank, as these facades exist by the thousands in front of branch banks everywhere. And the perfectly standardized concrete factory, as this cousin* clearly shows, though it be a cube compounded of monotypical cells, can stand in decent dignity: the dignity of technology, just below the point of fusion with joy and art through the full imaginative powers of man.

What, then, of the Institute building to the left? Here is a factory also, with its long monotonous row of windows and—no doubt—its interior efficiency, ventilation, light, and all of that. But this is a pretentious factory, which, so the books say, is "classical Roman laid out in the French manner." Observe the result. A factory attempting the Roman in a derby hat. A picket-fence palace. A hairless, scrubbed and tasteless eunuch playing dominoes. A pair of ice-tongs. Hard frozen music to the monotone of tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-blam!

A most amazing thing has obviously happened. The curators of disillusioned science, the enemy of superstition, have fallen into the most ancient fetish-worship of fake art: the hokum of the 'pseudo-classic.' Colonnades like this represent neither living technology nor art, but a dead-head copy of the finished accomplishment of the Greeks two thousand years ago, to which nothing can ever be added (because the mollusk has died), and which can be copied by apprentices, bought wholesale in five standard 'orders'** and raised according to Palladio's rules.

Men who daily see the beautiful crystals of chemistry, who live in the shadow of airplanes and glide to work in automobiles, who make the thrusting turbines of beautiful ships—why should one go on?—these men, soaked in a new world of fresh and intoxicating forms (which sent Walt Whitman into rhapsodies), these blindlings have been content to believe that their work needs no human monuments, that at best they can warm over (in their icy hearts?) the finely tempered steel of an adventurous and joyous people now dead, and make it cut as well as such material can.

What, then, can we believe about their reverence for their science, their technology? What do they know about doing? And what of education?

*U. S. Army Supply Base, Brooklyn, Howard Chapman, Architect.

**Doric, Ionic, Tuscan, Corinthian, Composite.

Columbia Trust



Left: Columbia Library

Above: Detail—of a kindred savings bank

FACADES

UNDERSTATEMENT

Resources, 1923	\$92,240,575
Buildings recently completed (1924)	
.....	\$3,655,000
Bldgs. authorized	5,330,000
Bldgs. not yet provided for	6,400,000
	15,385,000
Liabilities: Students, total, 1924	38,374
Teaching Staff	1,914

"Their problem from now on will be that of moral suasion and sweet reasonableness," said the Dean in speaking of the entering Freshmen. "... Urge any classmate who does not wear the cap to do so. As far as my own feeling is concerned I must say frankly and publicly that if I knew of a Freshman who did not obey the rules, my respect for him would go down materially."—Columbia Spectator.

The Dean later declared, as reported in *Spec.*, that he would feel justified in not recommending for a business position a man who had refused to wear his freshman cap.



SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES

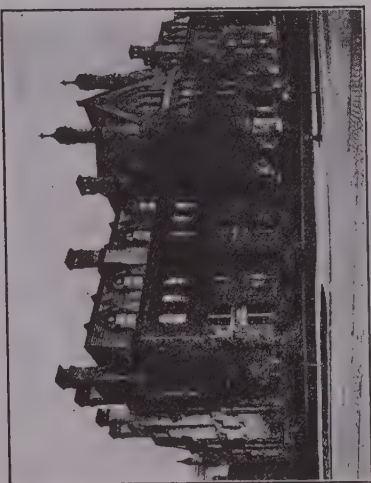
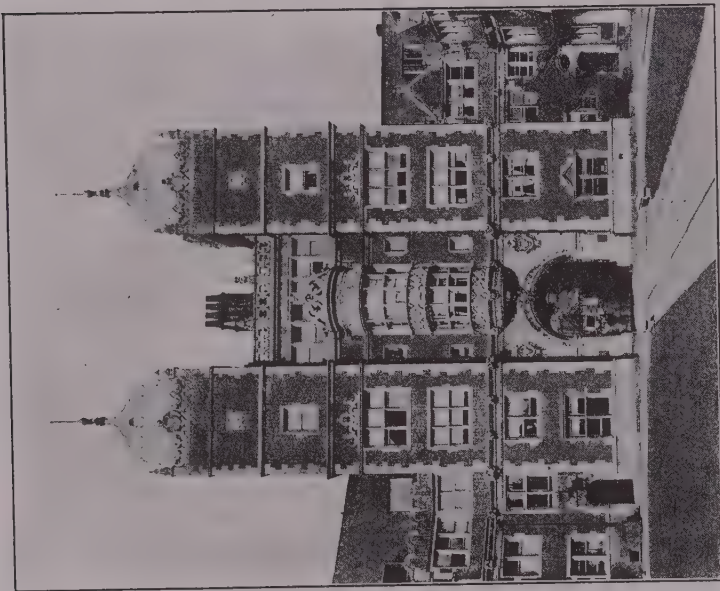
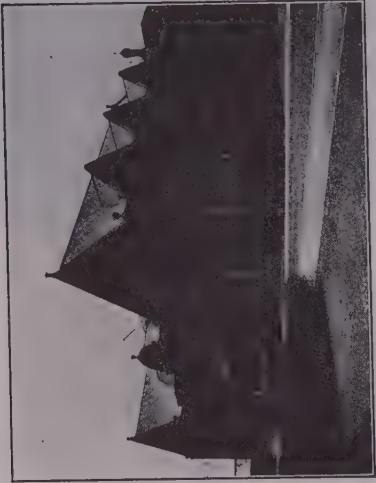
All safe and sane, rectangular boxes, in a straight line, with even tops, finished in accepted good taste, marred by no signs of an unconforming individuality. Slight variations in the colonnades are permitted. New boxes will be put up yearly as the number of students grows.

(Broadway front)



Flotsam and Jetsam *(The University of Pennsylvania)*

The inheritors of this museum of styles are now trying loyally to impose some sort of unity upon it. They are to be commiserated. Decade after decade of aimless drift cast up these many "styles" which we shall not classify. What does this confusion, this lack of any sound instinct, imply in the education here offered?



Cathedral of Learning

(University of Pittsburgh)

Publicity

(From the brochure with title, 'The Cathedral of Learning').

1. First sentence, under head, *Educational Value and Aims*:

"The University of Pittsburgh needs approximately 14,460,000 cubic feet of space to operate in a normal way."

2. The three aims of the building, condensed from the brochure:

(a.) To plant the spirit of achievement in which energy, intelligence and spiritual fineness are combined, as a habit in the hearts and minds of boys and girls, through supreme architecture.

(b.) 'By a great high building . . . we could also interpret the spirit of Pittsburgh to itself and the world . . . Vast tonnage production in the minds of millions of people is associated with the city . . . But . . . this is only one phase . . . There is a provincial way of thinking here and a provincial way of doing; there is courage, daring, speed of action, and honor, out of which have come the wealth, the manufacturing and the tonnage production . . .'

(c.) To build a memorial to the achievers of Pittsburgh, to contain their statues, their pictures, tablets bearing testimony to their records of tonnage production, their benevolence.

(The Obverse of Achievement)

("Fear of losing his job is making the man in the shop toe the line. At first glance the average individual will say that there is something very ugly and inhuman in that statement. It isn't ugly and it isn't inhuman. It is the sane and reasonable answer to the industrial tangle. It is its only solution. Fear is the word used. I might, with equal truth, have said competition. They mean the same in industry." The Hon. Elbert H. Gary, one of the committee of achievers, *N. Y. Times*, Jan. 9, 1921) cf. (b.) above.

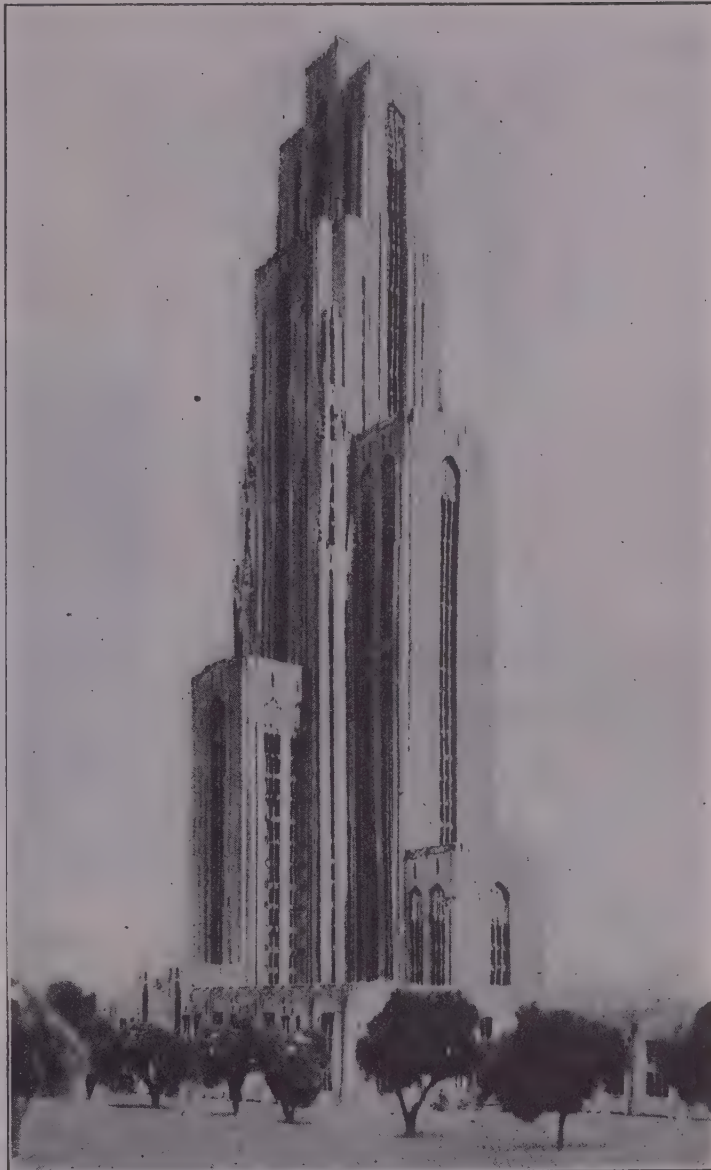
Slogans

"Sincerity like the ring of steel." "The height tells the idea." "Surely nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

"Why should we not have a city of achievement just as great in education as it is in manufactures? The plan of the University makes Pittsburgh an *educational center that the whole world will look to.*" (Italics donated)—Homer D. Williams, who is raising the \$10,000,000 in two months.

'Gothic'

"Where is the spiritual quality? The answer is that in each corner of the tower, conspicuous by its position, occurs Gothic ornamentation," which means to us "through centuries of association with church buildings, a mood of worship and of reverence."



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Summary by the Loafer:

The soul in cubic feet. Achievement by tonnage. Unquestioning faith in millionaires and land-values. Gothic doo-dads for moments of sentiment. Pile them up: tons, students, cash. Knock them down, keep them scared of you: the robots.

The "Cathedral" is symbol of faith unquestioning. Faith or belief in the ultimate value of achievement by tonnage, acceptance as supreme truth that Pittsburgh millionaires are millionaires, struck the loafer as just a trifle—well—.

By Contrast: A Cathedral

The Signoria of Florence, when starting at the end of the thirteenth century to build their cathedral, instructed its architect, Arnolfo di Cambio, that it "should be designed so as to be worthy of a heart expanded to much greatness, corresponding to the city's noble soul, which is composed of the soul of all its citizens."

ARCHITECTURAL AUTOPSY

On the Foregoing

"The White City on the Lake," the World Fair, Chicago, 1893, was the inspiration and model of the entire architectural epoch which followed and of which the preceding pages show some of the results.

Previously had come the slow period of honest American building making its greatest advances in the use of structural steel; an art which Chicago and the West welcomed and used, but of which the cultured minds of New York and the East—because these minds were filled with fixed ideas—could make nothing.

In the midst of this gradual growth, as an interruption, came the opportunity of the Fair. Would it represent America, modest and native? Or would it grovel before "superior culture"? The answer, unduly condensed and somewhat injured for lack of space, is here excerpted from the life book of Louis H. Sullivan. It records the effect of this epoch on the kindly man who had been the first honestly to use the shapes of structural steel, and more than that, who worshipped his America and his democracy with an unbounded faith and love.

For the architects of the West in the crisis lost their courage and bowed before the cultured men of the East; and these in turn fell down before the accomplishments of classicism. American architecture was abandoned in favor of a romantic scene painting of other times. It was easier that way. Classic models never violate taste, are easily and quickly copied, and never fail of making an imposing display. The original plan of having one firm undertake the work in its entirety was abandoned because the work of ten years could not be done in two: "Hustle" was the word. Make it big! Make it stunning! Knock 'em down" and so, in Sullivan's words:

The work completed, the gates thrown open 1st May, 1893, the crowds flowed in from every quarter, continued to flow throughout a fair-weather summer and a serenely beautiful October. Then came the end. The gates were closed.

These crowds were astonished. They beheld what was for them an amazing revelation of the architectural art, of which previously they in comparison had known nothing. To them it was a veritable Apocalypse, a message inspired from on high. Upon it their imagination shaped new ideals. They went away, spreading again over the land, returning to their homes, each one of them carrying in the soul the shadow of the white cloud, each of them permeated by the most subtle and slow-acting of poisons; an imperceptible miasm within the white shadow of a higher culture. A vast multitude, exposed, unprepared, they had no time nor occasion to become immune to forms of sophistication not their own, to a higher and more dexterously insidious plausibility. Thus they departed joyously, carriers of contagion, unaware that what they had beheld and believed to be truth was to prove, in historic fact, an appalling calamity. For what they saw was not at all what they believed they saw, but an imposition of the spurious upon their eyesight, a naked exhibitionism of charlatanry in the higher feudal and dom-

ineering culture, conjoined with expert salesmanship of the materials of decay. The landscape work, did much to soften an otherwise mechanical display; while far in the southeast corner, floating in a small lagoon or harbor, were replicas of the three caravels of Columbus, and on an adjacent artificial mound a representation of the Convent of La Rabida. Otherwhere there was no evidence of Columbus and his daring deed, his sufferings, and his melancholy end. No keynote, no dramatic setting forth of that deed which, recently, has aroused some discussion



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Massachusetts Hall, Harvard, the oldest college building in America Honest masonry.

as to whether the discovery of America had proven to be a blessing or a curse to the world of mankind . . .

Meanwhile the virus of the World's Fair, after a period of incubation in the architectural profession and in the population at large, especially the influential, began to show unmistakable signs of the nature of the contagion. There came a violent outbreak of the Classic and the Renaissance in the East, which slowly spread westward, contaminating all that it touched, both at its source and outward. The selling campaign of the bogus antique was remarkably well managed through skillful publicity and propaganda, by those who were first to see its commercial possibilities. The market was ripe, made so through the hebetude of the populace, big business men, and eminent educators alike. By the time the market had been saturated, all sense of reality was gone. In its place had come deep-seated illusions, hallucinations, absence of pupillary reaction to light, absence of knee-reaction—symptoms all of progressive cerebral meningitis: The blanketing of the brain. Thus Architecture died in the land of the free and the home of the brave,— in a land declaring its fervid democracy, its inventive-

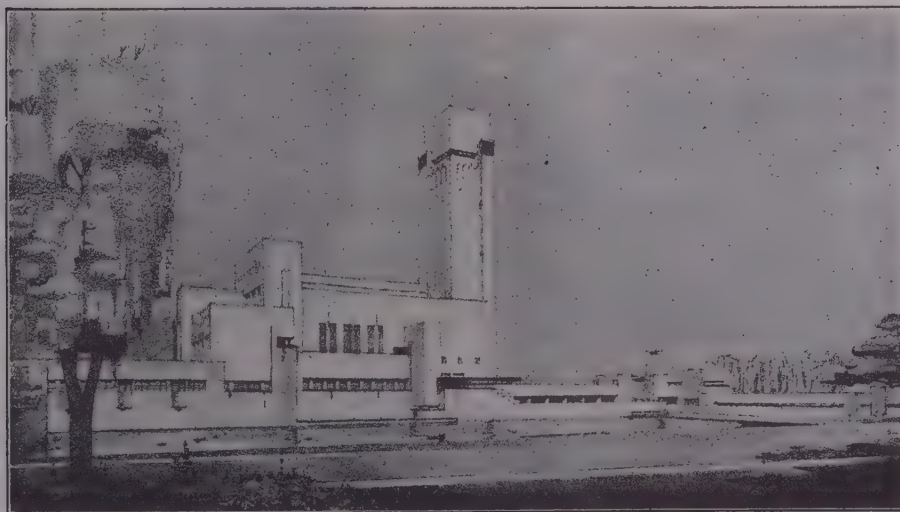
ness, its resourcefulness, its unique daring, enterprise and progress. Thus did the virus of a culture, snobbish and alien to the land, perform its work of disintegration; and thus ever works the pallid academic mind, denying the real, exalting the fictitious and the false, incapable of adjusting itself to the flow of living things, to the reality and the pathos of man's follies, to the valiant hope that ever causes him to aspire, and again to aspire; that never lifts a hand in aid because it cannot; that turns its back upon man because that is its tradition; a culture lost in ghostly *mesalliance* with abstractions, when what the world needs is courage, common sense and human sympathy, and a moral standard that is plain, valid and livable.

The damage wrought by the World's Fair will last for half a century from its date, if not longer. It has penetrated deep into the constitution of the American mind, effecting there lesions significant of dementia.

Meanwhile the architectural generation immediately succeeding the Classic and Renaissance merchants are seeking to secure a special immunity from the inroads of common sense, through a process of vaccination with the lymph of every known European style, period and accident, and to this all-around process, when it breaks out, is to be added the benediction of good taste. Thus we have now the abounding freedom of Eclecticism, the winning smile of taste, but no architecture. For Architecture, be it known, is dead. Let us therefore lightly dance upon its grave, strewing roses as we glide. Indeed let us gather, in procession, in the night, in the rain, and make soulful fluent, epicene orations to the living dead we neuter eulogize.

Surely the profession has made marvelous improvements in trade methods, over the old-fashioned

way. There is now a dazzling display of merchandise, all imported, excepting to be sure our own cherished colonial, which maintains our Anglo-Saxon tradition in its purity. We have Tudor for colleges and residences; Roman for banks, and railway stations and libraries,—or Greek if you like—some customers prefer the Ionic to the Doric. We have French, English and Italian Gothic, Classic and Renaissance for churches. In fact we are prepared to satisfy, in any manner of taste. Residences we offer in Italian or Louis Quinze. We make a small charge for alterations and adaptations. Our service we guarantee as exceptional and exclusive. Our importations are direct. We have our own agents abroad. We maintain also a commercial department, in which a selective taste is not so necessary. Its province is to solve engineering problems of all kinds, matters of cost, income, maintenance, taxes, renewals, depreciations, obsolescence; and as well maintenance of contact, sales pressure, sales resistance, flotations, and further matters of the sort. We maintain also an industrial department in which leading critics unite in saying we have made most significant departures in design. These structures however, are apart from our fashionable trade. Our business is founded and maintained on an ideal service, and a part of that service we believe to consist in an elevation of the public taste, a setting forth of the true standards of design, in pure form, a system of education by example, the gradual formation of a background of culture for the masses. In this endeavor we have the generous support of the architectural schools, of the colleges and universities, of men of wealth, and of those whose perspicacity has carried them to the pinnacle of eminence in finance, industry, commerce, education and statesmanship . . . ”



Plan for Public Buildings at Antwerp. W. M. Dudok, Architect. *Living architecture, creating new grouping of mass, shadow, rhythm.* (See page 18)

STIRRINGS OF LIFE



Women's Residential Hall

A combination of Indian and mission architecture



Men's Residential Hall

after the Santo Domingo Indian pueblo community house.



Entrance to patio, Chemistry Bldg.

Photos courtesy of The Christian Science Monitor



Administration Building



Corner of Administration Building

(The University of New Mexico)

Still copies, but at least of a tradition local and native to New Mexico, adapted to local materials, to flat landscape and brilliant sun. Having definitely left behind the absurd hallucination that colleges must be anything but colleges, that they must be Tudor Country homes, Greek temples, business skyscrapers, French castles or Gothic cathedrals, the officials of New Mexico have taken

a decisive step toward freedom, reason and genuine feeling.

They have simply built a university.

And if it is permissible to stoop before not only Greeks and Romans, but also Pueblo Indians, may not the crawling American some day stand up and say, "Oh, Hell! I'm tired of clerking for any of them—I'm going to build something of my own"?

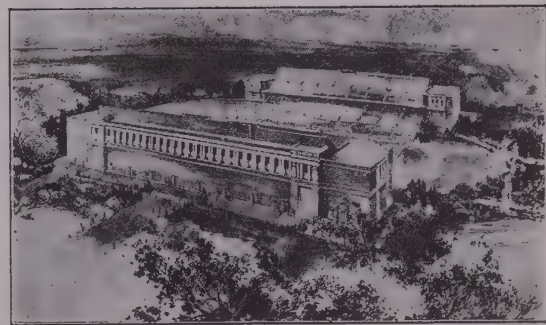
—But What's Wrong Here?

(Compare Next Page)



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Whenever an architect lacks an idea, so the Loafer eventually discovered, he substitutes a classic colonnade. Above is shown the municipal stadium of Chicago, sporting as a cousin of the Parthenon, with a grandiloquent colonnade. Unfortunately the original minds which created the Parthenon itself are dead, and so unable to point out to the politicians of the hog-butcher city that a Parthenon could only be built once for all, as the solidified effusion of the thought and feeling of one living people. In copying, Chicago's scribes of course have missed essentials and unwittingly produced a caricature—though with the best of intentions. "Dreamers may dream; but of what avail the dream if it be but a dream of misinterpretation?"



2.

(2.) The excellently equipped and arranged stadium of the University of Illinois. But is the architecture worthy of it?

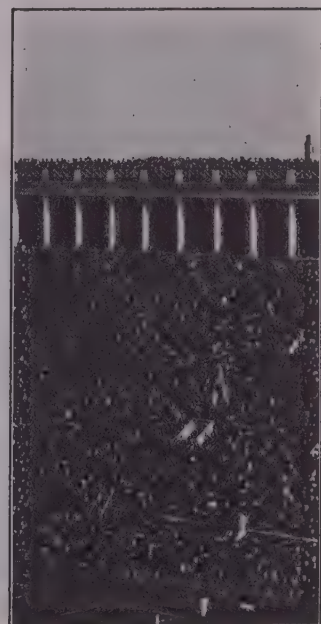
(3.) The colonnade of Harvard's otherwise excellent stadium is caught in the act of making a nuisance of itself both practically and in appearance.

4.) And at Cornell, the colonnade climbs up the camel's back and down again—as best it can.



4.

3.



Wide
World



Leland Stanford

Copyright Wide World

The Answer

It's good. It's clean. It's elementary, logical, impelling. It was built by an engineer for well-analyzed purposes, with obvious minimum of unnecessary effort, illustrating the best powers of the American mind in action.

Compared with these two stadia, the "classic" structures on page 15 look fussy, impotent, irrelevant.*

* * *

A dream and a hope arises at this point. Cannot structures as impelling and grand as this become transmuted into usefulness greater than they have now? The great

*Let credit here be given to Yale, whose bowl is the daddy of these later structures. Pennsylvania, too, has an excellent stadium of the masonry type (page 10) of which unfortunately it was impossible to get more pictures. Its honest structural work makes the 'Gothic' gymnasium at the end, with mullioned windows and glass roof, look foolish—as it should.

people on the small peninsula used their stadia not only for games and sports, but for competition by singers and dramatists. A structure like that below is too big for that purpose. It is made for crowds: jam them in, get their money, squelch the speculators, finance your whole athletic program for the year. It is so huge that at once it is evident it says power from the lowlier buildings seen in the rear, where education proper is conducted. It is relentless. It should be an institution to itself.

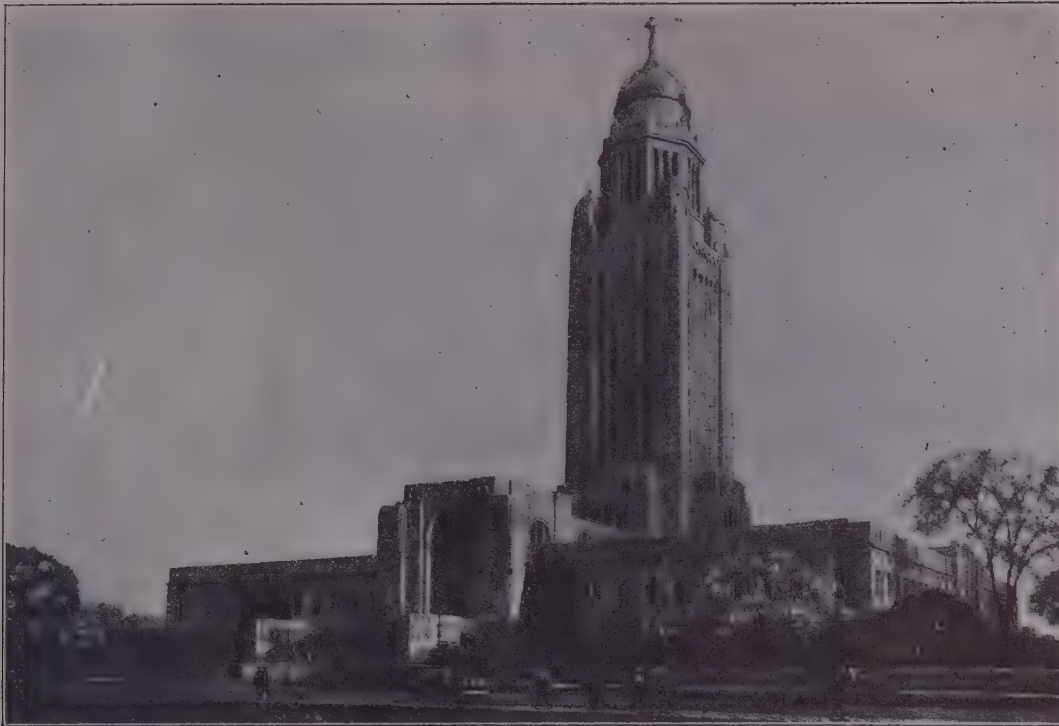
Perhaps in the distant future this form will be repeated, but reduced to size commensurate with humbler pursuits, to be carried on and managed by the student body: places where honor is shared by the athlete with others.

Clearly something as neatly done as this is not to be discarded. It looks too big to move away. It must be important to people. The job will be to manage it, keep it in bounds; to draw inspiration from it for undertakings on a more human scale.



California

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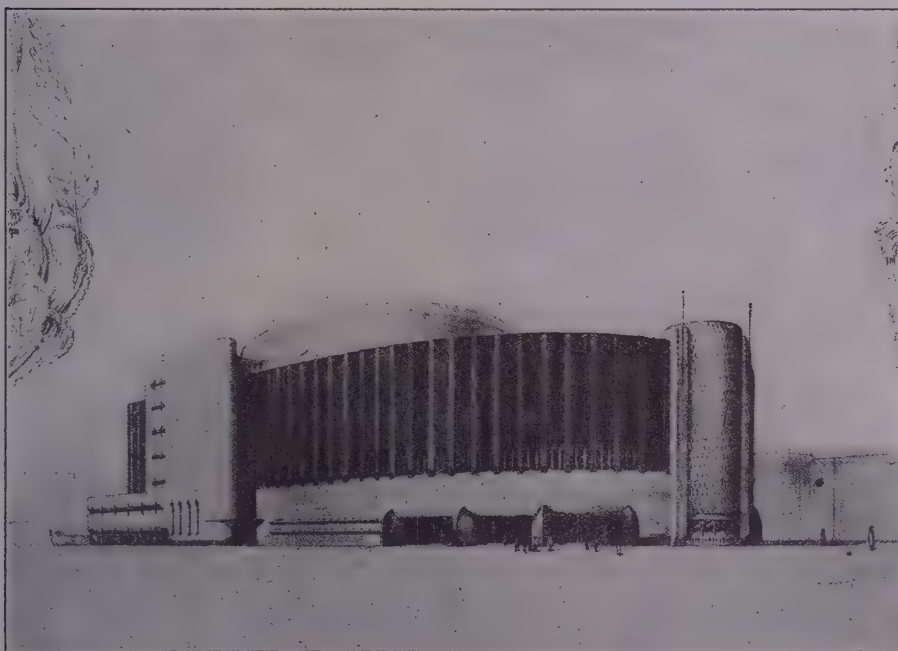


Nebraska State Capitol

Bertram G. Goodhue, Architect

Bertram Goodhue, American Architect, died last year while his two best public buildings were under construction: the Nebraska State Capitol, and the Los Angeles Public Library. He also did the best buildings at West Point. Beginning with accepted styles, Goodhue gradually "threw the stuff out of the garrett" and evolved a style original, creative, American, and above all, Goodhue.

Below: Project for a theatre at Amsterdam, H. D. Wijdeveld, Architect. Showing how multifarious are the possible forms and original achievements of this age, once it escapes the deadly pedantic. Why not a similar theatre in an American college?



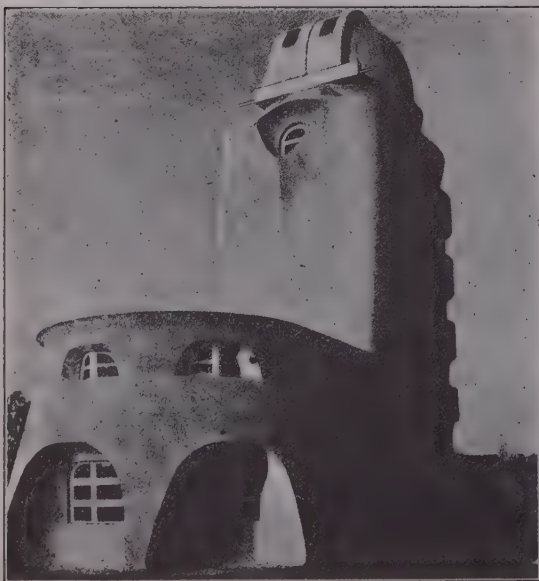
From *Nieuw-Nederlandsche Bouwkunst*

The Revolutionary



"The balancing of the load practised by the ancients, the elevation of the load practised by the mediaevals, are succeeded by the dynamic tension of construction in steel and concrete."

—ERICH MENDELSON, Architect.



(The shapes arise)



Poetry of Science

(*The Einstein Tower at Potsdam*)

The Architect's Explanation

All that has been achieved in the creation of new architectural form, since the great autonomous efflorescence of mediaeval architecture . . . down to the days of our own artistic exhaustion, is based in principle upon the inherited forms and traditions of antique building art.

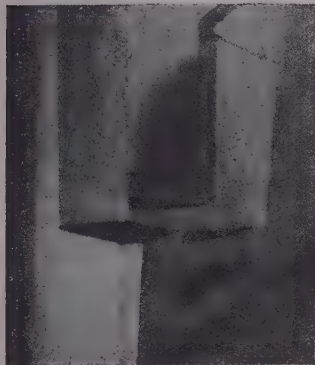
Precisely as there is no connection between the principle of the antique world with its simple load and support, and the Gothic principle with column and vault—both in the matter of construction and of ornamental architectonic expression—so we must clearly recognize that the first iron girder inspired an exalted feeling of liberation akin to that which the mediaeval masters felt when they had conquered the antique principle of con-

struction by means of the vault. It is only from this point of a departure that one is able to realize that the decisive features of the new constructive principle must be discovered again and again.

The regulation of our static sensation in accordance with the tensile power of reinforced concrete instead of, as hitherto, with the principle of direct load and support, necessitates a long and gradual approach and evolution. It is therefore particularly urgent to discover and emphasize this antithesis in order to be able to visualize the breadth and extent of this great change.

Out of the columns and marble beams of the Greek temple, out of the pillars and stone vaults of the Gothic cathedral, evolves the girder rhythm of iron halls.

Detail, Entrance Stairs
Stairs in Tower
Entrance, View from Tower



*"The first iron girder inspired a feeling
of exalted liberation"*



REVIEW

Having gathered this folder of comparisons and notes, an annotated collection of shells, the Loafer repaired to the out-door plot of grass to ponder his results.

He imagined himself in turn at every school whose buildings he had noticed, inferring his experiences from the buildings and the facts surrounding them.

AT the Harkness Quadrangle at Yale he could imagine himself enjoying the country club with excellent conveniences and charming vistas; listening to the chimes from the exquisite spire—such a spire as the wealthier churches are making fashionable, though none of them have so rich a one as this—and pondering on the meaning of these Gothic forms.

He was disappointed. For Gothic then and now mean two entirely different things. These forms then represented the ecstasy and wonder of an entire people; the sacrifice of the community; they were raised in heated excitement as forms entirely new, wondrous, a testimony to the inventiveness of man for the glory of God; they liberated the spirit; they looked not back but forward to the future which men had the temerity to think would be everlasting.

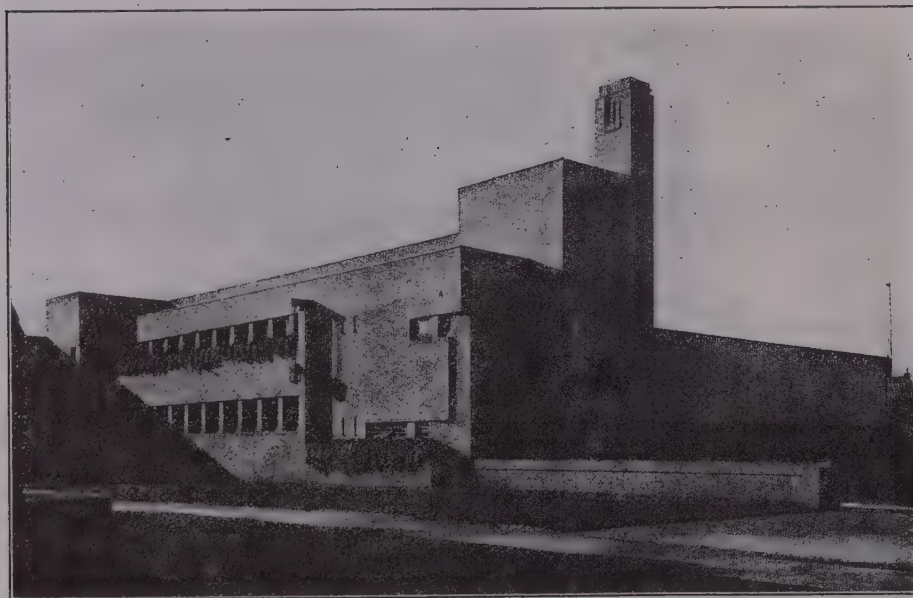
Now these forms are the property of any wealthy patron, are ordered by the million dollars' worth; the architect has before him in Europe a whole museum of samples from which he can choose and combine, looking not forward but back upon accomplished work—he only needs technique, and a critical good taste which shall not dare to deviate too much.

That the architect of the Yale group did all of this with consummate skill, that the buildings abound in lively surprises, in warm surfaces, in ex-

quisite tracery, served for the Loafer only make this shadow of an idea more opaque and more obscuring. For the Gothic lay in the spirit, and in the emotions of a period; not in copyable forms. And so the copies mean something entirely else, for they show not the spirit of the originals, but their own. And their own betrays the naive idea that wealth commands everything; it fawns on Oxford and Cambridge and antiquity; it preens itself in the sunlight of prestige; it divides the people of America into categories—these who have, and those who have not. For these the pretty shapes, for the others standardization, dehumanized routine, machine slavery. It is impotent to exercise its powers beneficently. It sometimes makes factories sanitary; but it almost never makes them human. It withdraws into its artificial cloisters, letting forth from its confines men who (unless they have escaped its influence) are sophisticated (such shells are highly sophisticated), who know all sorts of things, who have a bag of tricks; but whose creative instincts have been blighted by the shadows; who are never again able to establish a kindly relationship with the common people of America.

Such were the very personal views of the Loafer on this set of shells; others who have examined them by the same method may think him crazy, and prefer their own.

AS for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, again he was obliged to wonder. Again the familiar phenomenon of wealth bountifully given, here for the worthy purpose of carrying forward the everyday operations on which the nation depends. The wonder was not only that these men had thrown away the whole new inspiration of their own technology, with which they could have created a new kingdom (as other men have done) but that under their noses the biggest revolution in the structural arts passed unnoticed, unexpressed. While they were concerned with classic orders, and cor-



School by W. M. Dudok, Hilversum, Holland. This play in mass and shadows does not show the beautiful brick-work characteristic of modern work in Holland.

(Yes, it all has light).

rectness, and the approbation of the Beaux-Arts of Paris, they failed to notice that which one of their own graduates was shouting from the house-tops and feverishly constructing into buildings: that structural iron had revolutionized the form and rhythm possible in buildings, had provided the first radical departure in the technology of building since the invention of the Gothic arch and vault. For twenty long years this discovery had been in the air. Were these technologists who missed it looking forward? Could they be of any more use than slaves, to the expanding needs of America? Could they do more than miserably trail in the rear, dragging with the weight of their authority against the prophet and the innovator? Of what use this "education"?

COLUMBIA, trying to educate men by the thousand, seeing sensibly one thing: that democracy must have masses of educated citizens or perish. Using the biggest endowment, the biggest university ought to be able to inspire her thousands to creative usefulness. But Columbia, playing safe, as doubtless she is required to do by prestige and the men of wealth supporting her, builds the most uninspiring rectangular boxes conceivable within the limits of good taste and orderly arrangement. They are finished in "Renaissance." They abound in engaged colonnades and all the other tricks of facade that make for magnificence. And yet, in their nature, they seem to confess the same impotence as that pathetically outspoken by her Dean, who demands, on peril of a loss of standing, that his freshmen shall all wear little black caps. Columbia has many excellent professors, some of them among the best minds and spirits of the United States: why then does she fall short?

The Loafer felt (to himself) that the atmosphere of the whole effectively smothered the individual fresh breath, just as the rich and heavy library secreted too much shell and ornament to hold anything approaching its requirement of books. The mass, rectangular and vulgar, needs leaders of unusual daring to lift it from its torpor; needs to be surrounded with challenging forms, sights, colors, men, that should turn every accepted sluggish certainty into a question, and open the vast vistas of the possible. What fears and ambitions have kept these shells themselves so near to mediocrity that they will bear no challenge to the mediocre? Do they not help to make a false assurance doubly sure, self-satisfaction more smug?

Fawning at the bogus antique in one place, blind with classicism at another, smothered at a third, what chance has education at the rest?

AT Penn the shells speak of confusion—the confusion of a rapidly growing country without standards or instinct of its own to rely on, looking everywhere for its solution but to itself.

At Pitt, the solution is announced with hosannas: it is the "Cathedral of Learning," its inspiration obviously the 'Cathedral of Business,' its form the sky-scraper. There again, stubbornly, the Loafer re-

fused instant assent. What does the sky-scraper mean? Increasingly its true nature is being recognized. It is founded on extortion: land-values. In lower Manhattan, its natural home, it is the child of congestion. Sky-scrappers bound narrow lanes, cut off each other's light, make necessary the subways which Lewis Mumford rightly calls "human sewers," and stand on any holiday as abandoned as an inhuman desert: for people flee from them as quickly as they can.

The Cathedral of Learning, therefore, in becoming a monument of business achievement and accumulation, naively chooses to illustrate one of the most glaring faults of our business organization: concentration of wealth, land and power not in a way beneficent to mankind, but beneficent to the powerful and imprisoning the rest: what Louis Sullivan again and again called the feudal idea. As a cathedral, too, this institution demands faith implicit in the idols it proposes to worship, and in their all-around worth-whileness; in the benefit their existence bestows. They are to be our examples. They are to create our models. Certainly there was no compelling reason except this for lifting the thousands daily into the air.

If a Cathedral is to be dedicated, let us be sure of the religion. The Loafer was not of this one. He liked better the direct daring of the men of Pittsburgh than the fawning and the appeal to fixed forms of antiquity elsewhere. But it too seemed blind, worshipping idols. What then?

PROJECT

What kind of a college would you like?

Into the last portion of this collection, the Loafer put those forms which seemed suggestive for the college he himself would like.

But it is not a simple operation, building a college. Therefore any student should amuse himself with playing at it. To begin with, from the mechanical, engineering standpoint, the main features of a college or university in America right now depend on what is going on within, under the name of teaching. The fact that Columbia piles cellular rooms into boxes all around the campus, almost as alike as peas in a pod; that Pitt piles rooms essentially alike on top of each other for fifty stories; that Penn can find accommodation for them in every sort of building imaginable, testifies to one thing: the monotony of the educational process.

All these buildings provide for rooms where one man can stand in front of thirty and talk; the light to come from one side only. That is the 'lecture method.' If the thirty talk back, by the 'discussion method,' that makes no difference in the mechanical needs of the building. This the architects told the Loafer he could never get away from.

But the idea of education which the loafer had was that it should be inspiring through its own originality in example, its variety and beauty.

Thus, by surprise, we come again from another angle to a familiar discovery: lectures are impersonal, monotonous, stupid. They make the very buildings in which they take place inane, anonymous.

There can be only one remedy: they should be abolished! But to ask that of colleges is to ask that they abolish their entire pedantic habit of mind, which is responsible for the lecturing.

That gone, the professor becoming the director of effort, the authority and helper, at once the aspects of things change. Thus, every department secures quarters of its own, suited to individual needs in size and equipment; the seminar and the professor's study take the place of the classroom with its rigorous mechanical requirements in lighting and arrangement; people become persons again, not seat-numbers (but think of the havoc to cut-systems!) teachers become masters, and buildings of necessity take on variety and character, growing

from the differences in size, in technique, of the departments for which they are designed.

In buildings other than lecture halls there is an unexplored chance for originality in form. Theatres, libraries, laboratories, studios have never reached an ultimate shape. Let's explore. Let's invent. Let's dare. Only thus can we learn. Let's make mistakes. Let's fall short. But not stand still, look back, crawl unworthily, steal from dead men, flit in the prison of our narrow minds, and thence tell the world about our "biggest and best," our cathedrals of false Gothic, our temples of mock science . . .

A college, of all institutions, should encourage creative artists. It is only by living in contact with their work that we can be inspired into fruitful activity. This the romantic Gothic forms cannot do for us. They lead to picture books, not to life. They are for lady etchers, not for young Americanos.

The forms must be new. The shapes of democracy for which Whitman felt the need of an entirely new poetic method demand also new expression in every activity of life.

H E L P S

1. *Magazines.*

It is difficult to find in American architectural magazines illustrations of the best modern architecture. Especially in colleges, not much is doing. The Dutch periodical *Wendingen* publishes the best work produced not only in Finland, Sweden, Holland, where an architectural Renaissance is in swing, but also the work of other countries, America being well represented. If your library will get no copies, try the bookstore of E. Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., New York.

2. *Books*

Louis H. Sullivan, from whom was taken the long quotation in the middle of this number, was an American genius of the first order. He rescued the sky-scraper, when it first appeared, from the hands of less imaginative men, and gave, almost at one stroke, a new form to the world: the soaring, steel-ribbed office building. Other American architects, thirty years later, have not yet awakened to the fullness of his radical vision, or have not dared as much as he. His daring was his simplicity, directness, freshness of approach. He worked *like* the old masters. Others, less daring, still surround their skeletons with the old masters' cloaks.

More than that, however, he was a philosopher. His *Autobiography of an Idea** is not an architectural book, but a thrilling story of the education of an American, by turns amusing, lyric or passionate.

Sullivan was drunk with two ideas, merging into one: the powers of man, and their use in a beneficent Democracy. The shapes which sent Whitman into rhapsodies of poetry, Sullivan was equally in a frenzy to create.

"As an author, as well as an architect," says Claude Bragdon in the introduction, "his aim has

been to declare certain truths, to publish certain principles, so vital, so fertile, so fundamental and necessitous, that I mentally couple him with Whitman and Lincoln, however little he belongs in their category, or they in his."

Perhaps the passage quoted on page 12 is not fair to Sullivan. It was his one Jeremiad, lacking the charming narrative, the hearty sympathy which makes the rest of the volume sweet and lovely. If Sullivan was ever bitter, however, it was because what was being destroyed was holy to him; in sacrifice, he himself refused to take work which clients would not permit to be done according to his convictions.

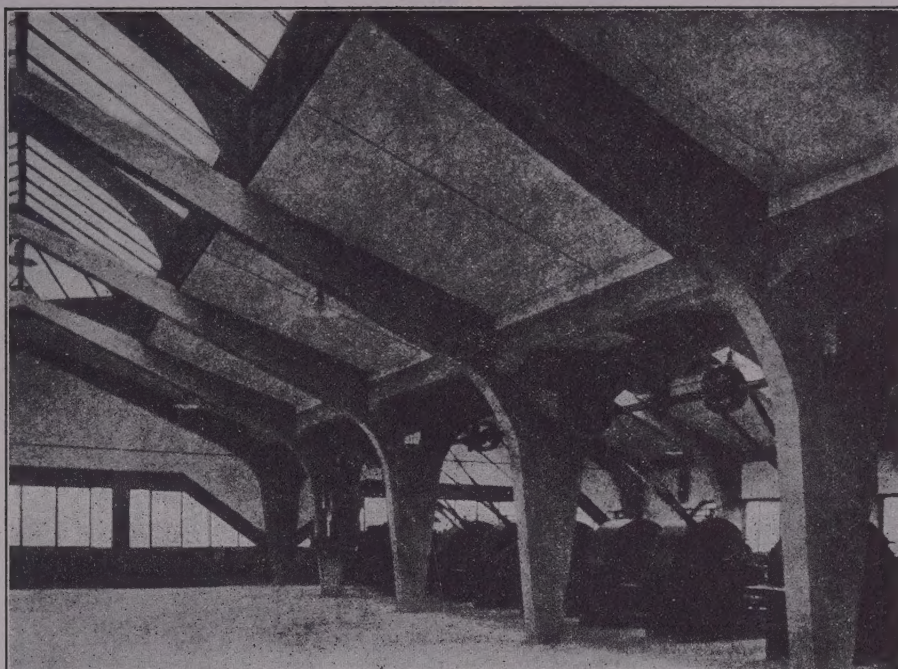
. . .

Lewis Mumford's *Sticks and Stones*** will help immensely the student who wishes to know why American public buildings look as they do, American cities, countrysides. It is a history of American civilization interpreting its shells, and interpreted in turn by them.

Public libraries, tiled bathrooms, theatres, skyscrapers, subway-stations, country houses, towns, factories: all interplay in creating a fascinating history of the people who made them, who live in them. The last chapter, on Architecture and Civilization, is more stimulating than half a dozen college courses. Contrasted with the fiery writing of Sullivan, Mumford's is sane, productive, reflective; to be read often and well, alone, in a good big chair.

**The Autobiography of an Idea*, by Lewis H. Sullivan, Press of the American Institute of Architect, New York, 1924.

***Sticks and Stones*, by Lewis Mumford, Boni & Liveright, New York, 1925.



These beautiful, tensile shapes have been limited to factories and industrial structures, while colleges, proclaiming the artistic impotence of the age, have not developed them for their own use, but hidden behind the skirts of other times. Why?

Claude Bragdon is another writer easily understood by the amateur, some of whose magazine articles are exceedingly interesting, especially when elucidating the ideas behind buildings.

He also is author of several books, among them

The Architecture of Democracy, and Projective Ornament, based on the fourth dimension.

Other books which can cast illumination on the pictures the student will begin with are mentioned in the bibliography of Lewis Mumford's book.

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with a Foreword by
CLAUDE BRAGDON

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